POES LIFE AT FORDHAM. HIS GALLANT STRUGGLE WITH POP-

How Fordham People Remember the Post-Mrs. Clemm, That "Smiling Old Woman"... Poe and the Jesuits of St. John's College... The House He Lived in as it was Then. Deprioht, 1887, by Tan Sen Printing and Publishing

ERTY AND DRINK.

FORDHAM, May 6.—The pleasant things in this world are, after all, the digressive things. When one has been to this village, with the definite object of getting close to the actual environment once hedging in a surprising genius, he will wish to come again and again, as I have done. Once touched by any sense of personal nearness to the one man whose memory will give the place an ever-increasing interest, the searching out of pleasant truths about

Poe will have an absorbing fascination, Not the least agreeable part of this is in waking up the old folk who are already at the drowsy threshold of the endless rest time, and in luring them back over nearly half a century's material happenings, to something like an introspective spiritual retrospect. That is in itself a delight, for the one so stirred is renewed, bettered. Nor can I resist noting at the outset of this paper a remarkable quality which l'oe's memory among these good people seems to have left as an inheritance; a quality which. I take it, is portent with promise of ever-widening fame and justice to one who, through such an humble self and simple surroundings, still left such luminous outline

apon far less than receptive mold.
"It is strange about that man," said an old lady of sixty, with real seriousness in her voice. I was a woman grown when they were here. I saw them every day; and was in and out of the cottage frequently. But, somehow, I can never recall the man, and I never could, but that the first thought of him is indistinct and misty. He was slight, frail, almost intangible, in fact, and in that mind picture. But of a sud-den he seemed to break through that mistiness and littleness and stand before me in colossal stature. No. I don't think this was a youthful mind vagary of my own; for anything he did and the way they lived could not, in themselves, have so impressed me. I have often tried to find a reason for it. I can only believe it was something behind the actual

'I shall never forget one occasion when this sort of a feeling was remarkably developed. I was in company with my father and mother, returning from a visit to the country, away out leisurely along, when suddenly my father cried out: 'If there ain't that man Poel' Sure enough, there he stood like a dark silhouette against the near horizon, brought close by a rising bit of ground, at the crest of which stood a very old house. He had apparently leaped over a stone wall upon a little ledge of rock, and was intently regarding the old house on the hill. He was silent, motionless, and 1 could only see him as a great, looming statue in onyx. As long as we could see him he re-mained motionless. That picture of him, in which it then seemed, and now seems, reality that he towered above trees and house and hill, is one I can never get rid of, though I don't know why. This may sound strange, but I know that others here have confessed to simi-From the early spring of 1846 until midsum-

mer of 1849, the period of Poe's residence here. he new affluent suburb of Fordham was little more than a sleepy country cross-roads. Old Mr. Cole, an ancient wheelright here, confessed to me: "Ther was jest my shop here, about 500 the corner down yonder; the old Dutch church over on King's Bridge road; St. John's College. then no shakes, where Father Thebaud was workin' with them Jesuits like pullin' teeth to make a school; an' a half dozen other families, with farms all around. When the feller come here and got the place, us as belonged here and worked for a livin', didn't have much use for writers, big or little. But he sorter went on all right; wasn't sot up any; had good reedin' enough to say 'Good mornin',' or Good evenin', or 'How de do, sir!' an' so we up our minds there was worse. Yes, poor critters! I wanted many a time to go over neighbor Poe's an' run 'em all off to the to neighbor Poe's an' run 'em all off to the hos-pit-al, but it seemed like they wouldn't like it, an' so I never says nothin'. He come in the shop often, an' got to know almost as much as a 'prentice. Mebby he wanted work. But, of course, seeh like that can't carn their sait thumpin' iron or makin' wagons."

The wheelwright had mayliap in the old days half a notion of what was subsequently discovered; that the actual discouragement of the man in his struggles to merely live at times fairly drove him to applying for labor for which

fairly drove him to applying for labor for which he was no more fitted or capable than a mere child; and I confess, pittful as it was to know of these straights in so close a way, I felt a thrill of pleasure at the manilness such efforts revealed. Over on the West Farms road I found an ared farmer who had this story to tell: One day in the summer of 1846 or 47. I was at work in the field mext the road, giving a row facing Ferdama and noticed a line stranger I hadn't seen around those parts coming toward me. Ho was all dross—I no lack, and I thought he was one part from priests at St. John's; so I didd, raind dim much at first. Soon he came—ong the wall and cleaned over, and lower of the property of the proper

"When he had the writin' tantrums on," youch safed another, "he'd shet himself up in the back chamber, an' Mrs. Clemm'd never let no-body git further 'n' the gate; an' night after night when he was goin it 'round the roads and lanes with his crazy ideas, you'd see her hoverir,' round the porch. Waitin' for him, an' when he come, if 'was midnight, sh'd have almost singin' words for him you could hear clear down to the forks in the viliage."

These and countless other sweet and good things will be told you here. If you will seek them, showing a steadfast cheer, a grand courage, a brave faith on the part of this noble woman, like few that come to be recorded; all traceable from the first hour she knew the man, past their ill fortunes and wrotchedness, on beyond the 'gars here and the dark hour when the worshipped Virginia died, bringing intelerable hours to Poe, and on to that darker day when the news of his dolorous death was flashed through the land.

"On this day," said Mrs. Valentine, "Mrs. Clemm was packing up and getting ready to join Poe at the South, where he had gone to further his plans regarding the Nights, which Patterson, was to have issued simultaneously at New York and St. Louis in the following July. My mother, Mrs. Cromwell, read the despatch and ran right over to the cottage with the paper in her hand. Mrs. Clemm was singing away at her packing up, and mother handthe heart to go in. So she was going to run back without speaking to her, but Mrs. Clemm caught sight of her, looked at her steadily a minute, and then, with a white face, said, well, Mrs. Cromwell, what what is it? Have you got your morning paper? was all mother could say. 'My God! 'cried Mrs. Clemm, 'Eddie is dead! They've killed my boy! Oh, if I had been there I could have saved him!" And so could have done this loving, loyal heart, whose hope went out that bright October morning of 1849; and who ever after may be said to have lived but to lay her own ashes beside the two fate-whipped forms she had worshipped, and know them again wher

side the two fate-whipped forms she had worshipped, and know them again whore they had found eternal rest.

But by far the most interesting and truly valuable testimony regarding the every-day life of Poe during his residence at Fordham was accidentally secured through the gracious interest and courtesy of Father Campbell. President of the stately 8t. John's College, the noted Jesuit scholastic retreat, situated on a lovely eminence something like a half mile southeast of the rugged crag looming above the old home nest of Poe. I felt sure that the great intellectuality of Poe must have unconsciously and irresistibly drawn him to the learned fathers here; and desiring to definitely identify the companionship of the poet with a certain musician named andré, who had been frequently mentioned as a most sympathetic friend, who had taken many a long ramble with him about the beautiful hills and valleys of Westchester county. I appealed to Father Campbell at St. John's. In a little time his investigations were successful, and we were in company with the venerable Father Doucet, whose recollections of Poe were remarkable for their vivid analytic exactness and earnest friendliness.

"Yes," said Father Doucet, his fine dark face

repailiness.

Yes. "Said Father Doucet, his fine dark face kindling with animation," I know poor Poe intimately. The musician, you speak of as having our order. He was an assistant teacher of music living in the village; a profound musician. We jestingly called him. Major André, and the control of the control of the profession of the control of the

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The New York papers state that Mr. Carnegie wore a gray tweed suit at his wedding. I have good social position and am worth only one million (in futures). Can I, without violating the canons of good Laste, wear a similar suit at my wedding, since the bride is to wear a travelling dress it will be a day, house wedding. Flease answer Sunday and oblige.

1,206 O STREER, N. W., WARRINGTON, D. C., May 3.

Mr. Carnegic is a gentleman who has travelled all over the world, and so must be sunposed to know its customs; and without more definite information we must conclude that the coat he wore when he was married was O. K.
When we consider Mr. Knox's approaching
wedding, however, we would say that, although his bride is to wear a travelling dross, he can-not properly wear a simple travelling or poa-jacket cont. He can have his coat of gray if he likes, but it must be made in a freek, to accord with the dignity of the occasion. To wear a common office coat at such a time would look as though he was rather slurring over the marriage, even perhaps entering into without proper concideration; and this is to be avoided at all bacards. Therefore, without reard to what Mr. Carnegie wore, we would sug-to Mr. Knox not to put on his gray tweed

I after the coremony is concluded



their parents, I have nothing more to do with them. But it rarely happens that a child doesn't want to go on the stage. On the contrary, children as a rule are delighted with the idea. Having made a general selection, by questioning them on these points, taking also looks into consideration. I appoint a time for a further trial. I can soon tell if there is any good material to work on. The names of those I have thus selected go down in my address book. When I send children out with travelling companies, I also try to secure engagements as super-ladies for their mothers or elder sistors."

"Aren't many of the children young Booths and Andersons in their mothers' estimation?"

"Oh, yes. Many mothers bring to me children they call natural born actors. For such I have little use. They have been drilled at home to recite mechanically. I want children who are natural—who have children semotions, I don't even teach my children elocution. I first teach them to carry themselves gracefully and then to go through the business required of them naturally and easily."

"What ages have the children on your list?"

"I take thom as young as six months, because I always like to have two good bables on my list. From babyhood I jump at once to four years, and the highest limit is fourteen years."

"Don't their theatrical surroundings make

years, and the ingular surroundings make years."
"Don't their theatrical surroundings make children look upon life as artificial?"
"Sometimes. I can tell you one or two instances which are amusing and yet pathetic. One little boy, who was taken to the seashore for the first time last summer, turned to his mother as he saw the wayes rolling in and mother as he saw the wayes rolling in and mother as he saw the wayes rolling in and said: 'How do they work them?' Another child, a little girl, exclaimed, on looking out



TORRY BUSIELL

upon a country landscape for the first time, on awaking after a night's journey: 'Mamai mamai the stage is set for the first act.'"

"Are stage children apt to develope into prominent actors and actresses?"

"Rarely. They seem to grow tired emotionally and to lose their sparkie and vivacity. My Bijou shall never become an actress unless she shows great talent after she has passed into womanhood. If she gives promise of securing a leading place she may go on the stage—not otherwise. I can imagine no life more wretched than that of medicerity on the stage."

"How did you lift upon the idea of training children for the stage?"

"In my own stage experience I had observed that the engagement and training of children gave managers so much trouble that they often put aside a good play because it called for a child or children. You see, it they wanted even only a few children, they had to advertise, and then make selections from a hundred applicants or more, each accompanied by a mother who considered her offspring a budding genius. The trouble wasn't over either when the selection had been made. In fact it had just begun. Actors and actresses grumbled at rehearsals because they were delayed by fractious children. Then at the performances things would go wrong, because the children that had been good at rehearsals would get seared when they faced the public. But the mothers were far worse than the children, and managers dreaded them far more. First of all, the mothers insisted on coming to rehearsal. What a racket they raised when the stage manager had to talk stornly to an offspring! Then



they all came behind the seenes at night during the performance and crowded into the first entrance, so that they could see something of the play from it. Fancy an actor or actross trying to effect an entrance or exit through the first entrance when some fifteen mothers are jammed into it."

"And you have relieved managers of those drawbacks, have sctually succeeded in squelching the mothers of budding geniuses?"

"That's what I've done, "was the reply, "and that's the reason the demand for stage children is increasing. Managers are no longer obliged to submit to all the troubles I have







fairs and church festivals with great success. Now she's outgrown the part, and is in Harrigan's company. That dear little thing in black velvet is poor years ago will remember her."

Just then Mrs. Fernandez was interrupted by little Bijou, who bounced in to remind her mother that it was time to start for a rehearsal of "Rienzi."

HABITS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

Out the Tengue, Scating a Tattoe, and Other Frenky and Idlesyncratic Ways. From the Chicago News.

"Just look at that girl?"

"Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?"

"Don't you see her tongue?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything."

The young woman in question was promenading the east side of State street early yesterlay morning, attired in a bewitching costume and a pensive expression, while the tip of her little tongue protruded in a manner anything but fascinating between two dips of the description known to neveliste as coral. "Yes," said one of her femiline acquaintances. "She always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break child, and no one ver took the from his to break ribly to be told about it, thou more he has to care he result. But then nearly every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could; some trick more or less unploasant, caused in the first place probably by nervousness. We all know the man who tugs at his moustache and the one who is perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye as if the search of a stray eyelach, and the man who can't be quite happy at the search of a stray eyelach, and the man who can't be quite happy in the twist and bend and turns about in his fluxors. Anything and everything from your fluest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter, is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, and yet you can't flud it in your heart to rob him of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to wird and twist as much as he wants to but boreft of the temperary object of his affection to would be abjectly miserable, and and well while winding something—anything—about his finger, who, without it, would be constrained, awkward, silent. One of the most annoying forms of this disease is the incessant latton—which some people keep up on their kness or the table or whatever inspens to be most convenient as a key beard. I have ucteed that musleams usually induige this habit, and it is a very trying one, though id on't know that it is worse than twiddling your thumb. You bounds with the fluxors interfaced pan you hands with the fluxors interfaced pan you have a subject to this had, and to the day and the pan you have a subject to the p

A GREAT CIRCUS CLOWN.

THE INTERESTING LIFE OF THE CELE-

paper Row in Albany-One of the Big Men of the Country-His Political Appl-rations-Rum the Cours of his Downfail.

And Rice's proper name was Daniel MeLarren. Exacity where in the country he was
born I do not know, but when a small lad he
became a stable boy around the famous race
tracks, and enjoyed the soubtriquet of "Dusty
Daniel His agaity was smaring, and he scon
a professional aerobust. He possessed wonderful strength and indomitable courage. One of
his first public appearances, strange to say,
was as a puglist. I have a record of the fact
that the strength and indomitable courage. One of
his first public appearances, strange to say,
was as a puglist. I have a record of the fact
that the strength of the strength of the fact
that the strength of the strength of the fact
that the strength of the strength of the fact
that the strength of the strength of the fact
contest between George Konsott and Dan Rice
Kensott was the Sullivan of his day, and
at the time of which I speak he had
just defeated in the country. In the fact
counter in the country of the strength of the country in the country of the strength of the

equal vim and viruience. In one of his articles on Spaniding, which, of course, was signed by Rice. Moore, however, transcended the legal limit of verbal vinderivanes, and the famous of all limit of verbal vinderivanes, and the famous of all limits of verbal vinderivanes, and the famous of all limits of verbal vinderivanes, and the famous of all limits of verbal vinderivanes, and the limits of limits of the limits of limits of the limits of limits of the limits of l

WRESTLES SCHIS SECRET MARRIAGE NOTED AMERICAN SISTERS.

The Gay Athtlete Weds a Wealthy Daughter of Kansas City-Will it be Annaled? From the Omaha Herald.

There are several matronly as well as mul-titudinous maidenly hearts which feit a little pang when it was announced that Charles Moth, the Greece-Roman wrestler, had shaken the dust of Omaha from his feet. For Moth was a masher, and susceptible feminine hearts at places where he boarded or roomed, or at public places where the handsome giant show-

the dust of Omaha from his feet. For Moth was a masher, and susceptible feminine hearts at places where he boarded or roomed, or at public places where the bandsome glant slowed himself, were sure to be impressed with the magnificent physical proportions of the wrestler. For a professional athlete, Moth was a very nice fellow. He was gentlemanly in his deportment, and uniformly courteous and obliging. He was always neat and well dreased. There is a little romance about the athlete which will, perhaps, proves of interest to those fair ones here whose hearts fluttered when the modern Hercules was about. Moth came to Omaha from Kanasa City. It was much the same with him there as it was here—conquests innumerable.

One day Moth stood in Kanasa City. A very pretty young woman drove by in a carriage, which was driven by a liveried coachman. As she drove slowly by, the young woman cast a second side glance at the fine-looking wrestler. Instantly Lechard defield his chapeau. He was snubbed for his temerity. But chance seemed to throw the pretty young woman and aday or so as the young woman was passing out of a large dry goods store at the corner of Main and Eleventh streets. Later on Moth was sitting in the parquet of Coates's Opera House at an evening entertainment. In one of the boxes was the pretty young woman. She levelled her richly mounted opera glasses upon the wrestler more than once during the evening, while Moth's attention was taken up more by the lair face in the box than by the performance going on upon the stage. Several days later the wrestler was hurrying along Main street. At the corner of Seventh street is a mammoth dry goods establishment, and in front of the store almost ran into a lady who was hurrying from a carriage into the store. It was the pretty young woman again. The wrester apologisted with a polite tip of the house of the pretty young woman had not been beaust the condumn. Toesing that function relative don, but each of the lowest profession and the deal of physical manhood, Moth soon ingr

Dutors, May 5.—The statement was shown Charles Moth, the big wrestler, this morning that his secret marriage to Miss Wilcox, the daughter of a wealthy Kansas City banker, was to be annulled.

"They can't do anything of the kind," said Moth; "the story got about that my wife is only 18 years old, but she's 20 and we are all right. I shall quit wrostling soon and settle down in Kansas City. Banker Orteco is not pleased because I made his daughter my wife, but i should advise him to cool off and take me into his bank. I can wrestle with dollars even more successfully than I do with men. I think my friend Smith must have given me away. He was the only man except the minister, at whose house we were married, who knew anything about the affair."

STOVER'S SNAKE FARM.

Lots of Rattlers for Sale and Some Black Snakes and Blue Racers on Hand.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Your correspondent last Sunday visited the celebrated snake farm—"rattlesnake forty"—near Calton, Ill., owned and managed by Capt. Dan Stover and wife, and assisted by William Dunn.

"Who buys rattlesnakes, and what on earth do they want with them?" you ask. Why, for use in the manufacture of the new cure of rheumatism. A firm in Philadelphia uses the oil in their remedy, and pays a good price for every rattlesnake delivered at their laboratory. Mr. Stover has contracted with the firm to furnish them 250 of that species during the present season at \$2.25 each, none to measure less than four feet in length or to be less than six years of age. The older the snake the better and stronger the oil.

Sunday the sun shone out bright and warm, which brought out the snakes in large numbers to bask in the warm rays, and, as Mr. Stover said, would be a good day to take a stroil over "rattlesnake forty." Procuring a good stout stick and donning a heavy pair of boots, your correspondent joined Stover and Dunn in the hunt. Dunn is a compara-

bers to bask in the warm rays, and, as Mr. Stowr said, would be a good day to take a stroll over "rattlesnake forty." Procuring a good stout stick and donning a heavy pair of boots, your correspondent joined Stover and Dunn in the hunt. Dunn is a comparatively new man in the snake business, and has had several narrow escapes from being bitten by the deadly reptiles, but he is learning fast. To show us how easy it is to kill a snake, he pieked up a blue racer by the tail that was lying coiled up in the sunlight in a half comatose condition, and giving it a couple of whirls over his head in a lightning manner, he cracked it like a whip, causing its head to part from its body and spin through the air. Proceeding a little further we came to "the mounds," little raised places on the snake farm, where the snakes burrow in winter and breed in summer. There are thirty-soven of these mounds on the farm, and on the south side of one of the largest of these, where they could get the full benefit of the sun, lay coiled up, sound asleep, forty-three large rattlesnakes, seven black snakes, and numerous other smaller reptiles, not one of which seemed to recognize our presence. Stover and Dunn do not kill off the whole crop yearly, but leave many for breeding purposes.

"Why," said the former, "that mound there contained as high as eighteen young rattlers, the largest not over two inches in length. Their eggs are about the size of those of a partiridge, but have a soft shell." The farm is a tract of virgin prairie, and has never seen a plough, and Dan says in summer its native grass is very high, rendering it an excellent place for the reptiles to hide in.

After reitring to the house, the two snake-breeders exhibited a string of rattles several feet in length, which they captured last summer, the whole doning up 76s rattles. Some of the snakes possessed twenty-live rattles and a button, each rattle counting a year to its age and the button a fraction of a year.

Mrs. Stover also had in a box of sawdust under a cook slove twen

The Colored Man who Rose from Cabin Boy to be the Best Pilot on the Savannah River,

The Celered Man who Hese from Cabin Mey to be the Best Pilet en the Savannah River.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

John Bell, the old Savannah River steamboat pilot, who died in Savannah recently, deservos more than a passing notice. He had been on the river forty-three years—first as cabin boy, then as a deckhand, finally, through his intelligence and thorough knowledge of the river, he was raised to the position of pilot, in which capacity he officiated until the day of his death. He was considered by all the river Captains as the most efficient and trusted pilot on the Savannah River. He has experienced many dangers from burning steamers, &c., and through his coolness and tweence of mind saved many persons from the ilames and wastery graves. He neted as pilot on the steamer. Carrie when that ill-fated boat burned, and on that occasion his conduct was such that nearly every passenger escaped. Notwithstanding he was literally surrounded by fire, he heroically stiterally surrounded by fire, he heroically a stuck to the wheel, running the boat six times as the stuck to the wheel, running the bast six times as the burned in two as fast as the attempt would be made to the fire he had completely axhausted himself by his efforts to save those who were forced to jung into the river. He was one colored man in a thousand, being not only a man of high priferiple and honor, but a devoted flushed himself by his efforts to save those who were forced to jung into the river. He was one colored man in a thousand, being not only a man of high priferiple and honor, but a devoted flushed home and father. His family never knew what it was to want during his lifetime. He was such the shore until the steamboat corporations have bein to any one when it was in his power to do so. In his death the steamboat corporations have one call who have sustained a great loss, as he not only thoroughly understood the navigation of the river, but could be counted on it any over-great, this belavior and exemples.

NOW TITLED ENGINEER LADIES AND THE CREAM OF THE ARISTOCRAUS.

Interesting Circumstances in the Ristory of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and Tennis & Clasin-Demosthenes and his Prophecy. THE STURY OF APPIL 10 has a letter from Longder of the content o